



I THINK OF OLD IRELAND WHEREVER I GO.

Written by J. H. Howard. Air—My heart's in the highlands.

I'm a wanderer, now, from the land of my birth,
Far away from the scenes I hold dearest on earth,
And I've seen both the beauties of the Nile and Arno,
Still I think of old Ireland, wherever I go.

CHORUS.

I think of old Ireland, across the blue wave,
I think of old Ireland, the land of the brave,
'Tis the home of the brave, where the wild shamrocks grow,
Oh, I think of old Ireland, wherever I go.

And 'tis soon I'll be home, in the land I love best,
In my own dearest Emerald Isle of the West,
Though now I am chasing the wild buffalo,
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

Yet though far away from that dear blessed sod,
I still offer up prayers to my country's God,
To chase from her borders the base Saxon foe,
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

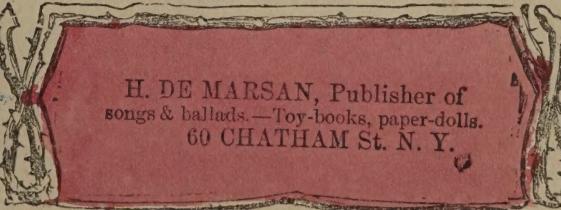
Dear land of the Shamrock, and sweet swelling briar,
Dear scenes of my childhood which never could tire,
When a boy I picked beechnuts in wild Glenaboe,
Oh, I think of old Ireland, wherever I go.

And how oft have I drank out of Barranane's Well,
In whose clear waters there lurks a bright spell,
The afflicted go there to find ease for their woe,
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

And how oft have I swam in the Blackwater's tide,
And roamed the sweet wild woods around Castle Hyde,
For it's through it's wild woodland the Blackwater's flow,
Oh, I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

And how oft have I sported through its pastures so green,
Where the wild fragrant daisy can always be seen,
For flowers in luxuriance there always do grow,
Oh I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

But all my sad wanderings soon will be o'er,
And that isle of my heart I will never leave more,
Though deep is her sorrow, and bitter her woe,
Oh, I think of old Ireland wherever I go.



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